THE French King's Answer TO Mons. Tyrconnel's Letter.

Licensed August 22. 1690.

Right Trusty, Right Obeysant, and Right Couchant Champion, and Creature.

WHEN your most obsequious Letters kissed our most Potent hands at our High and Mighty *Seraglio* at *Versailles*, we were graciously pleased to condescend to peruse them, and to approve the Zeal, and Affection therein expressed to Our puissant *Person*, and most Christian *Cause*: and We have vouchsafed to send you our Mighty Greetings, and most *Sultan* like Thanks for the same.

We cannot but take it well that with such profound Submission you acknowledge Our Soveraign *Councils*, and *Conduct*, Our *Armes*, and *Alliances*; wherein, as We have scorned to take Precedent from any other Monarch; so doubtless we have exceeded all that Less-Cultivated Princes could, or can pretend to.

Hath not the Religion of our Wise Pagan Ancestours, Commanded them to Worship the Gods themselves had made? And if they were compelled to Deifie the Graven, or Molten Images the *work* of their *own hands*; Is it not much more rational and according to

Eccleſiaſtick Rudiment, That *Adoration*, and *Divine Rights* be performed to Us who are a *Living Deity*, yea of their *Own* forming and ſetting up too? Were they not the late Kings of *England* that exalted Us to this Grandure, and doth not the World ſee with what *Veneration*, and *Devotion* the good *King James* always received Our Orders, with what *Humility* he lies at the Feet of Our *Shrine*, and with what *Reverence* he purſues our Abſolute Commands? And is it not due to Us upon Account of the Almightineſs to which We are exalted?

Can We not Thunder like *Jupiter*, Fabricate Arms like *Vulcan*, contrive New Forms like *Saturn*, forge Stories like *Mercury*, be taken in a Net like *Mars*, if not Out-do theſe and the whole *Pantheon* of Old-faſhion'd *Gods*? And ſhall We be denied Our *Prieſts*, and *Altars*?

'Tis true, there are not wanting ſome of the *Sacerdotal Function*, that with great Piety have acknowledged Our *Jus Divinum*, and have not been wanting in their Pulpit *Declamations*, and *Writings* too, to convince the *Unbelieving Mob* of that *Antecedent*, and *Inherent* Right of *Sway*, and *Empire* which Our *Infallibility* juſtly claims, and Our Vaſſals out of their Bounden Duty, ſo inculcated, acknowledged to be *Lineally deſcended* with us, and that by *Natural Prerogative*. But after all this, I hope we are not to have Our *Sovereign Authority*, and *Jus Imperii* to ſtand, or fall at the Will and Pleaſure of an *Orthodox Caſſock*, or *Hood!* Was it not the Bounty of Our Fathers and Predeceſſors, that endow'd their *Cloyſters*, and *Colledges*? And ſhall theſe *Coxcombs* in *Orders* think to give Law to the *Sultanian*, and Imperial Power? What hath the *Biſhop* of *Rome* to do in Secular Affairs? Muſt the *Ambaſſadors* of Our *Mightineſs* take his Time, and Manner of Entry from the Direction of an Old Formal *Pontificat*? But now the *Father* thinks he hath ſecured his *Chair* by entring into a *Confederacy* with *Lutherans*, *Hugenots*, and *Whiggs*; and drawing off a Parcel of ſullen *Devotes* from their *Unqueſtionable Allegiance* to our *Stupendious* Majeſty; but alas! the Old *Prelate* will find himſelf vaſtly out in his Meaſures, when the *Thunder* of the moſt Potent Monarch of *France*, *England*, *Holland*, *Spain*, and *Almain*, ſhall have broken his *Bulls*, *Excommunications*, and *Eccleſiaſtick Artillery* to pieces.

Neither are We without the moſt Undeniable Aſſurances imaginable, that may encourage Our Illuſtrious *Conſidence*, and buoy up the ſinking Courage of Our *drooping Troops* with Undeniable Proofs of Our Riſing Fortune. And that you may raiſe the Confidence of your Forces, by imparting ſo great a Secret to them; the Grounds are theſe, which We have thought meet to acquaint you withall.

1. The *de facto* Party, as they are called, have made ſuch a Schiſm in the Minds of the Subject, that, as long as we can keep alive that Scruple, it will encline vaſt Numbers of the ſober Churchmen to Our Side: For it is moſt certain, if they can be prevaild with to believe that a *de jure* Ship is not *there*; It muſt neceſſarily reſide ſome *where elſe*; and their *Allegiance* muſt be due where *that* is to be found. Now We deſire the Papers of Our Late Truſty Confident *Nevil Paine* to ſpeak more

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to the Purposes than this amounts to.

2. The *Cocks* who were not in Condition to *fight* this Summer, will doubtless have their *Weapons* grown out against the *next*; and then We need not doubt Our Right Trusty *Catholick*, and *Jacobite* Friends will *Arm, Stand to't*, and give the *Signal*. It is almost Unaccountable to Imagine what became of their *Courage* when Animated by Our *Ships* of *War*, and *Gallies* on their Coast; but some think sending the *latter* so *near* dispirited them, they being a *People* that have a Natural *Aversion* to the *Oar*, and *Chain*.

3. Those, who by too early opening the *Design*, have fallen under the *Frowns* of the *Government*, will, by that time, have drawn Breath, and be in Condition to *Rally*, and *pursue* their Purposes, unless they shall serve Us, as they did their *Abdicating Master*, that is to say, *fly* without a *pursuer, Secundum Usum Sarum*. 'Tis very true, We have no great reason too much to confide in their Bravery, since, if they *deserted* when they had the *Sword* in their hand, there is but small hope they should have the *Courage* to attempt, when the *Army*, and *Government* are against them. But though much Confidence ought not to be laid on their *Valour*, We may a little rely on *Verbum Sacerdotis*.

4. Our Royal *Armada* will, by that Time, be *Refitted*, and in Condition to put to Sea again, if We can but have such good Fortune as the *last Bout*; only I cannot forbear to tell you as Our Right Trusty Councellour, that We escaped not altogether so well as Our *Archies* and *Pillars* boast, but, like *Achilles* We were *galled* in the *heel*! And though Our Gazettes made no mention thereof, yet the *Docks* belonging to Our *Arsenal* will shew it, as well as the Abatement of Our *Number*.

5. For a *Supply* of the True *Sinews* of *War*, though Our Enemies *strain*, and *Exert* themselves upon the Melting down of Our *Houshold*, and *Altar-Plate*, yet hath Our *Egregious Care* of your Concerns took up so much of Our Thoughts, that We have permitted you to make a *Coin* of *Horn*, and *Leather*, as hath been the Usage in Times past: Neither would We have the Ignorant World imagine, that it is the *Intrinsick Value* of the *Metal*, that gives *Reputation* to Our *Bullion*, but it is the setting the *Image*, and *Superscription* of Our *High* and *Mightiness* thereon, that puts a real *Estimate* upon it; So that as We were graciously pleased to indulge your late Master to *Coin* up *Kettles*, and *Shellets* to half *Crowns*, and Shillings: We have given you full Power to make any thing pass that comes next to hand, setting, as was said, Our Victorious Figure thereon.

We heartily commend your *Own*, and Monsieur *Lazun's Conduct* in making good *Limerick*, and *Galloway*, for Places of retreat, and, if it be possible for the Soul of a *Monarch* flusht with such Continual Successes to be Capable of the mean Impressions of Sorrow; it is only for this, That Our *great Ships* so inconsiderately burnt the *Fisher Boats* at *Tirgmouth*, which else might have served to *Transvert* you, and your *Remaining Troops* home to Us, when Occasion shall Offer.

What

What remains is this, That if that Active Prince *King William* can by no means be prevail'd with to *remit* of his *Rigour*, and put on a Temper of *Calmness*, and *Remission*; if nothing will work him to *Compassion*; then that you make all possible haste you can to Us with the Remainder of your *Forces*, which no doubt *we* may have need enough of the next Summer; for if he bring his *Travelling Tent* hither, My *Victorious Self*, and your *Great Master*, are resolved to betake our selves to the *Sanctuary* of some *Holy Roof*, and there to end our Days in that *Undisturbed Peace*, which we have always endeavoured to preserve in *Europe*: So We bid you heartily Farewel.

Given at Our Castle at Versailles,
in the last Year of Our Puissance,

LOWIS

F I N I S.

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